

Ain't Your Business

Nashville Pussy

Before rocking in Kentucky I was rolling through Tennessee When
I saw some state troopers chasing me They peed on my van let t
heir dog sniff my crotch And said 'Hey there rockers you've bee
n caught Your hell

They said they found something but they wouldn't say what And t
hey didn't have to show me at all They didn't have nothing I wa
s just getting screwed That's the Goddammed Gospel truth Then s
ome fat ass said 'Spread your cheeks let's see what you got up
there' So I called my wife and mama and said 'Get me the hell o
ut of here!'

So I traded my chicken biscuit for a snuck in cigarett And I d
reamed of the words I wish I could have said

Ain't your business, ain't your business, Whatever made you thi
nk that it was Ain't your business, ain't your business, That b
adge don't make you the boss

To make me more paranoid than I already am It's like some twist
ed master plan Well I ain't changing nothing not a Goddammed th
ing So come on pigs catch me if you can